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no longer attract me; no longer do I view them with delight: the society of artists and philosophers is insipid to me; the conversation of poets and painters has no charm; glory no longer animates my soul; the praises of those, who will themselves be admired by posterity, have ceased to affect me; friendship itself has lost its charms. And you, young beauties, master-works of Nature, whom my chisel dared to imitate, charming models, fit to inspire both love and genius, since I have surpassed you, I care no more for you. Chained to my studio by an incomprehensible fascination; I can do nothing here, yet I cannot go hence. I wander from group to group, from figure to my figure; but my chisel obeys its guide, and these coarse works remain in their first timid outline, nor feel the hand which would once have animated them. [*Sits himself.*]

It is all over! I have lost my genius—still so young, I have survived my talents!

[*Rises impetuously.*]

But whence then, this internal ardor which devours me? Can the languor of extinguished genius feel these emotions, these bursts of passion, this unconquerable restlessness, this agitation which torments me, and the cause of which I cannot fathom!

I have feared that admiration of my own work might have caused the distraction which attends my labors: it was hidden. Under this veil my profane hands have dared to shroud this monument of their glory: yet, since I look on it no longer, I am more wretched, but not more attentive.

How dear, how precious should this immortal work be to me! Though my exhausted imagination should never again produce anything great, beautiful, worthy of me, I will point to Galathea, and say, "behold my work!" Oh, Galathea, should I lose all else, you will console me!

[*He moves irresolutely to and from the pavilion.*]

Yet, why hide it? What do I gain? Reduced to idleness, why deprive myself of the pleasure of contemplating the most beautiful of my works? There may be some defect which I can remedy: no imaginable grace should be wanting to an object so charming. Perhaps the sight of it may reanimate my imagination; I must re-examine it—what do I say? Alas! I have never yet examined it, I have only admired. [*He is about to raise the veil, but shrinks back in dread.*]

What emotion convulses me as I touch the veil! Terror seizes me, as if I were about to invade the sanctuary of a divinity. Pygmalion, 'tis but a stone, carved by your own hands. Yet, we worship Gods in our temples, made of the same material, and by the same hand. [*He lifts the veil, trembling and prostrates himself. The statue of Galathea is discovered on a small pedestal.*]

Oh, Galathea, receive my homage! I deceived myself: intending to chisel a nymph, I created a goddess. Venus is far less beautiful than you. Oh, human vanity! I am intoxicated with self-love. I adore myself in my work! But no! There is nothing so beautiful in Nature! I have surpassed the creation of the Gods. Ah! here's a defect. The drapery is too redundant: the charms it covers must be more distinctly revealed. [*Takes his mallet and chisel, and slowly mounts the pedestal, then*

pauses, afraid to touch the statue: he raises the chisel; then pauses again.]

How I tremble! I cannot: I dare not: I shall spoil all! [*Summons courage, gives one stroke to the chisel, and overcome by terror, lets it fall, with a loud exclamation.*]

Gods! I felt the flesh palpitate beneath the blow! [*Descends in agitation.*]

Oh, vain fear! blind madness! But I will not touch it: the Gods seem to forbid me: perhaps she is already consecrated to their ranks. [*Examines the statue again.*]

What would I change? what new charms could I give her! Ah, divine Galathea! your very perfection is a fault! [*Tenderly.*]

But you want a soul: such a face should never be without one. And how beautiful should the soul be, that should animate such a form! What hopes arise within me! What frantic vows! What emotions are these! Oh, heavens, the veil falls, and I dare not look into my own heart! [*With deep distress.*]

This is the lofty passion that inspires me—'tis this inanimate object that enthalls me here—marble; stone; a hard and shapeless mass wrought by iron. Madman, collect your senses. [*Impetuously.*]

No, I have not lost my senses; no, I do not rave. 'Tis not the dead marble that I love, but some living being who resembles it. Ah, wherever that adorable form may be; whoever may possess it, it must reign over all the wishes of my heart. Yes, my only madness is to discover beauty, my only crime, to be sensible to it. What electric sparks seem to flash from this object to myself, and then return, bearing my very soul with them. Alas! it remains motionless, cold, while my burning heart bounds to quit my own body to warm hers: in my frenzy, I feel as if I could abandon myself, could I but give her my life, and animate her with my own soul! Ah, let Pygmalion die that Galathea may live! What do I say! Heavens, if I were she, I could not see her! I could not be him whom she may love! Oh, might she but live, and I be always another, to love and be loved by her!

Oh, torture! frenzy! terrible, fatal love! Hell rages in my agitated breast! Powerful, beneficent gods! You who know the emotions of mankind, who have performed many prodigies for less causes, look upon this object, look into my heart, be just and deserve your altars.

And thou, oh sublime essence! who hidest thyself from the reason to be felt in the heart, soul of the universe, principle of all existence, thou who through love givest harmony to the elements, life to matter, and sentiment to all beings, celestial Venus, where art thou, where are thy laws! All thy fires are concentrated in my heart, but on the marble rests the cold of death. I perish by the excess of life which is wanting to her. The order of Nature is outraged, restore her laws, and shed thy divine influence equally; two beings are wanting to that order; divide the ardor which consumes one without animating the other. Thy inspiration created that beauty, which needs only life. Give her half of mine—give her all, if thou wilt, so I but live in her. Oh, thou who deignest to smile on the homage of mortals! that which feels not does not honor thee. Goddess of Beauty, extend thy glory by thy works!

spare Nature the affront, that such perfection should have no human prototype!

My senses seem returning: what sudden calm, what un hoped-for courage animates me. A mortal fever was consuming my blood; a balm of confidence and hope seems gliding through my veins. However unfortunate mortals may be, they find consolation in addressing the gods. But those who offer unreasonable prayers, are deceived by their false confidence. Alas, in my state, I invoke all, but none listen to me, and my hopes are wilder than my wishes.

Ashamed of my delirium, I dare not look upon the fatal cause. When I strive to lift my eyes, my heart throbs to suffocation, even a strange fear seizes me!

Look, wretch! summon courage to meet the eye of a statue!

What do I see? Gods, what do I dream I see? The coloring of flesh, fire in the eyes, motion even! It was not enough that I hoped this prodigy, as the height of misery I see it! Wretch, thy reason as well as thy genius abandon thee—but its loss will cover thy shame. The lover of a stone should be too happy that he can become a madman! [*The statue moves and descends the steps of the pedestal. Pygmalion throws himself on his knees, exclaiming:*]

Immortal gods! Venus! Galathea!

GALATHEA.

[*Touching herself.*]

I.

PYGMALION.

[*In transport.*]

II

GALATHEA.

[*Touching herself again.*]

It is I.

PYGMALION.

Ravishing! Illusion stealing now to my ears, ah, never abandon me!

GALATHEA.

[*Stepping forward and touching a statue.*]

Ah, this is not I.

[*Pygmalion, in breathless agitation watches her every movement: she advances and gazes on him: he rises, and extends his arms towards her with ecstasy. She places one hand on him, he starts, seizes, and carries it to his heart, then covers it with burning kisses.*]

GALATHEA.

[*With a sigh.*]

Ah, still I!

PYGMALION.

Yes, dear and charming object, worthy creation of my own hands, of my heart and of the gods, I am thyself, thyself alone! To thee have I devoted all my being; henceforth I can only live through thee!

THE ART AND HEART.

JUSTIN WINSON.

Two things there are that we call Poesy—
Poetic dress of thought, that locks the sense,
And thoughts, which make to metre no pretence
But owe their poetry to feelings free.
Culture for these may take the place of birth,
While those are owing to the toll for Art,
Uniting both the practice and the heart,
The Artist-Genius makes the greatest worth.
Who toils incessant may the Art o'ertake,
And toiling gives the mind such flushing glows,
As are akin to those, that innate wake
The brain of Genius, with their throbs and thrpes.
Who starts an artist may become a bard,
While Genius cannot save the Art discard!